

You may wonder why I laughed at you just now. But **you**, of all people, should know why it is I am giggling so. You know me today as the **cold, heartless bastard** I became after I was **broken**; after I was **TAINTED**. By you, no less.

*...I came here to say sorry...*

And for **what** are you sorry for? Do you **REALLY** know? Let us, then, take a gander into the past. **ONCE UPON A TIME**, there was a boy... and he had dreams and fancies and aspirations. He looked to the sky as if the gods were there smiling, and the ground as if Mother Land was only there to protect him, much like **every other** child did. One day, it was all **dashed** away by a man with dreams; dreams that had been **twisted and manipulated by sick fantasies fed to him by corrupt and ill-minded people**. I'm sure that this boy was *just like you* at a time; innocent. But in this story, it **isn't written so**. Anyway, this man stormed into the boy's village, **slaughtering** all in his path, but once he laid eyes on the boy, he stayed his hand.... The boy walked free, **terrified and abandoned**, only because the man **FAILED** to leave anyone behind to care for him –

*That's enough –*

You left me cold and starving and covered in **blood** in a forest, thinking that *that* was mercy! So when you come **sniveling** to my door, a decade later, with a sorry and a smile, you expected what? **FORGIVENESS?** No. I have no interest for apologies or your sympathy. And it won't make me change who I have **BECOME**. Congratulations... you have **succeeded** in creating the monster you were trained to kill in the first place.

*I will not kill you! I have learned from my mistakes!*

One of your **BIGGEST** mistakes was leaving me **alive**. It would do you great good to learn from that one.